

Dogs

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Dogs

by [FandomsAndShipsGalore](#)

Summary

Hannibal attempts to give Will's dogs a bath and the only dog that will behave is Winston.

Will unlocks his apartment door and is greeted by 6 soaking wet dogs running at him from the bathroom. Why are the dogs all wet and where is Winston? Will muses to himself before going to investigate the bathroom. He grabs his gun and slowly approaches the bathroom.

He opens the door and is greeted by the site of a sopping wet Hannibal sitting on the bathroom floor covered in dog hair and soap bubbles. Will can't help but chuckle at the look of utter horror on Hannibal's face.

"Hello Will," Hannibal greets Will in his usual tone.

"Hello Hannibal. Did you try to give all seven of the dogs a bath at once?" Will laughed.

"Yes, it was a dreadful idea, might I add." Hannibal looked over at Winston who was still in the tub, "at least one of them behaves."

"Need a hand?" Will asked and extends a hand to the Doctor and pulls him to his feet. Will proceeded to roll up his sleeves and finish Winston's bath. He then let all the dogs out to run around and dry off.

When, he re-entered the house Hannibal was standing in the hall shivering from the water mixing with the air. Wow he looks hot- damn it Will don't think like that! He mentally yells at himself. He walks past Hannibal, grabs a towel from the laundry room, and wraps it around the doctors shoulders. He then proceeds to go to his room and find Hannibal a pair of sweat pants and a zip up hoody.

When he returns Hannibal is sitting on the deck holding the towel tightly around himself. Will sits down next to him and hands him the clothes. They brush hands sending an almost electric feeling throb through their bodies. Hannibal nods his thanks before slipping inside to change. When, he comes back Will's jaw drops. Hannibal has the sweatshirt completely unzipped and the sweatpants sit low on his hips.

"Is everything alright Will?" Hannibal asks and gives a mischievous smirk. All Will can do is nod his head up and down. Hannibal gives him the look that just says ya-right-you-lier and sits back down. Without thinking Will walks over and presses a quick kiss on Hannibal's lips and sits back in his desk chair. Hannibal only hesitates for a moment before quickly striding over to Will, crouching down, and pressing his lips to Will's. Will pushes Hannibal backward so that he is sitting on the ground. Will laughs at Hannibal's confused expression and sits across him with one leg on each side of Hannibal's lap. Hannibal smirks and pulls Will so their chests are flush and their lips meet. Hannibal works Will's bottom lip biting and sucking. Will opens his mouth in a gasp when Hannibal slides his hands down to his ass and squeezes. Hannibal seizes the opportunity to deepen the kiss and slides his tongue into Will's mouth mapping it out. They both pull back for air, "Shall we move to the bedroom?" Hannibal says between breaths.

Will simply nodded too out of breath to speak.

-+-+-

4:02 a.m.

Will's phone started ringing in his pants. He switched on the lamp and made a move to go grab it but, was stopped by a long slender hand on his hip.

"I'll get it," Hannibal mumbled and grabbed Will's phone. He cleared his throat, "Good morning Agent Crawford."

"Will we- Hannibal why are you answering Will's phone?" Jack stammered.

"He came over to discuss his latest case with me." Hannibal replied shooting Will a look of amusement. Will pressed his face into the pillow to muffle his laughter.

"Okay, can you tell him we have a case and that he needs to be-"

"As Will's psychologist I cannot condone him going to a crime scene at this hour with his condition." Hannibal stated in his most professional tone.

"Fine," Jack sighed and hung up the phone. Hannibal set Will's phone on the night stand and layed back down. Will ran a hand threw Hannibal's chest hair and laughed, "Thank doctor"

"Your welcome William. Now try to get some sleep." Hannibal pulled Will closer and fell back asleep.

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